

The scare house essay example



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The rotting, dilapidated brown house stood in front of me as cold shivers run down my spine. The walkway that led to this scaring house were cracked, dandelions and weeds poking out of these cracks. Vast red roses grew wildly in thick batches along the walkway. Vines formed freely forming a twisted maze while its tentacles that extending to the rooftop. At a closer look, one notices some black decay on the wall as a result of neglect. I could see tiny black spiders threading their prey in the many cobwebs that covered the corners of the front door. Surely, this house would perfectly fit to host the King and Queen of the underworld.

I held the brass door-knob and pushed the door open while I jumping some few steps back, in case monsters or ghosts are awaiting for any curious visitor. There was nothing. The whole house was dead silent apart from the intermittent creaks and moans. Inside the sitting room, the chairs were overturn, picture frames hanging off-centre, and a massive jagged hole dug on the wall as if it had been meant to warn any intruder. Foul smell of an animal that had died filled the air making me feel more scared.

At this moment, moonlight was trying to force itself into the living room, through its thin rays. I decided to have a look at the other rooms that had all its doors opened. I carefully made for the bedroom. I summoned all my strength and entered since the door was already wide opened. Near the door, there lay a toy dinosaur which was missing its head. No sooner did I make the first two steps inside the bedroom did I hear a sharp squeak that sent unexplainable terror in my terrified body. Within few seconds, I was already out of this scary house, panting like a chased dog.

Works Cited

Weinstock, Jeffrey. Scare Tactics: Supernatural Fiction by American Women.

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